

**The World**  
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**JEROME'S GAMBLING FUND.**

District Attorney Jerome's contingent fund of \$50,000 having been exhausted he is about to ask the Board of Estimate for an additional fund of \$100,000 "to be used in getting after the gamblers."

What a lot of John Doe paper chase possibilities will be in that good round sum of ready cash to be drawn on as the whim moves! How many gross and great gross of axes may it not purchase, how many sledgehammers and battering rams for the smashing of gambling-house doors! It would suffice to fit out entire platoons of Jacobites and furnish incognito costumes sufficient to secure simultaneous entrance into all the hidden resorts of the Tenderloin.

And when this new appropriation is spent shall we have another deposed Tenderloin captain, another O'Connor, saying that "gambling never has and never can be suppressed?"

In balancing the \$50,000 contingent fund books how much must be charged off to profit and loss? Does the Gamble Item go on the credit side or the debit? What is the present worth of the assets? What, in a word, is the net showing of the year's anti-gambling crusade which was financed by the \$50,000 contingent fund?

Perhaps the Board may desire a statement in detail before granting another appropriation.

**THE EARNINGS OF CRIME.**

Charles Becker, just released from San Quentin prison, is said to be the "ablest criminal living." It is a designation loosely applied, but one doubtless deserved, at least for America. A man who has made \$100,000 by forgery has earned his rank.

Could Becker have done better as an honest business man? The question was asked of "Jimmy" Hope, the bank burglar; Ross Raymond, confidence man; Skinner, the swindler on a large scale; and it is a question pertinent for all criminals of capacity and culture. Industry and honesty might have made Raymond one of the best accomplished of contemporary writers. What a promoter was spoiled in Skinner!

For the criminal of ordinary intellect it is very likely that an honest career would prove more remunerative in the end. The Van Wormer boys had talents that could have been put to far better use financially than in robbing banks. Their illegitimate commission business furnished an apt illustration of misdirected energy applied to crime. To spend the early part of a night robbing hen roosts at a distance from their home, and in later hours preparing the stolen fowl for market, constituted an activity that might have brought them other returns.

In the City of New York cash and goods to the value of \$5,000,000 are stolen within a year. If the sum were suitably apportioned among the thieves it would pay 500 of them an under-bookkeeper's salary. Actually, the average is below that figure.

So large an aggregate of robberies seems to point to the greater city as a great crime centre. The impression would appear to be confirmed when it is recalled that in 1901 95,555 prisoners appeared at the bar before the city magistrates. Yet except for excise violations the crime average for New York is below that of 100 other American cities.

The police protection which keeps this average down comes high; it costs more than \$11,000,000 a year. But it proves itself worth the price.

**PLUNGERS' PROFITS.**

John A. Drake won nearly \$40,000 on two races at Morris Park Monday.

It has been a notable season for the race track plunger. Mr. Drake himself, after losing \$25,000 on the races at Saratoga Aug. 13, "won out" on the last day of the day. In conjunction with J. W. Gates at Gravesend on Sept. 15 he won \$40,000 on Wild Pirate, a sheephead Bay Aug. 31 Pittsburgh Phil landed \$30,000 at Flushing. On Aug. 13 at Saratoga E. R. Thomas took \$30,000 on Hermia. In two days at Gravesend John Ryan was credited with winnings to the enormous amount of \$170,000!

It is to be marvelled at that the general run of race track goers are lured on by such tales of lucky strikes to risk their money at long odds? Plungers' winnings are profitable advertisements for the bookmakers—electric signs of success which blind less fortunate bettors to their losses.

Where does the money come from to pay these large winnings? Directly out of the bookmakers' "roll" of course. But the Saratoga bookmakers are reported to have closed the season with a round \$1,000,000 of profits. Before they could begin to amass that million they were called on to pay out fortunes in license fees. Those big business in the big ring paid out fully \$400,000 for their privilege. The "dead line" bookmakers paid \$10,000, and "the field" \$120,000. A fee of \$630,000, then times as much as Mr. Drake's \$40,000 strike, for the privilege of mauling the public.

Their season's profits show how little an occasional big winning subtracts from the steady stream of income from the public's losses.

**THE GOLFING GIRL.**

The opening of the woman's golf championship tournament with sixty-five entries indicates the popularity of this newest of outdoor sports, as American records among the weaker sex.

An accurate census of woman golf devotees throughout the nation would amaze by its large figures. The interest of the sex in the game was last year reported to be decreasing, and it was said that tennis had reduced its early place in feminine affections. Except the case of very young girls, Saturday afternoons at the country clubs seem not to corroborate this opinion. Tennis requires a quickness and violence of movement which a girl out of her teens finds fatiguing; golf is slower and sedate sport is more apt to appeal to the older woman.

It is giving more profitable exercise. In making the hole of an ordinary nine-hole course the golfer travels nearly two miles, usually in an atmosphere of a tonic to weak lungs. The strokes with driver and mallet are infrequent and quite within the strength of the delicate. No breathless running is called for. The golf stroke is so large a return of physical benefit for so small an expenditure of energy.

Many girls who can profit by it show in tanned and elastic skin how large that benefit is.

**Physical Culture for Hustling New Yorkers**

**LESSON NO. 1.**

**How to Get on a Harlem Express.**

FIRST secure three manikins stuffed compactly with sawdust and sand. Have one manikin the size of a healthy butcher, another tall and angular—add to his stuffing fatness at elbows and shoulder blades—and a third a trifle smaller than yourself.

Place the thin manikin in a small closet barely large enough to crowd yourself in with him.

Open the door a few inches and place the fat manikin before it.



Practice This Twice a Day.

Place the small manikin in a timid attitude beside the fat one.

Stand off a short distance and make a furious rush at the door.

Throw yourself upon the small manikin and endeavor to crush him with elbows and knees.

By adroit use of your strength you may be able to compress him so that the fat manikin can step on him comfortably.

Then direct your attack on the corpulent dummy to press him through the crack in the door, inserting yourself at the same time by a circular movement.

Brace your knees against his stomach to secure leverage.

By a herculean effort you are past him and forced with a crash against the fatiron elbows and shoulder blades of the thin manikin.

Have a half dozen strong men handy to close the door.

To keep in trim practice this twice a day.

**LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.**

**Let Them Carry the Hod.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been eating in New York restaurants for the past five years, and I think any one who tips a waiter is a "chump." Tipping waiters, in my mind, is like handing a "pan-handle" a dime. Some waiters say their salary is not large enough to support them without tips. If such is the case why don't they get a job carrying the hod or digging in the subway? They might earn enough there to live. As a matter of fact, all waiters I am acquainted with get from seven to ten dollars a week and their meals, which is equal to four dollars more. I can't see why a man should go in a restaurant, pay two dollars for a meal worth fifty cents and then be expected to hand a quarter to the waiter for serving him. There is as much sense in a man paying five dollars for a hat and giving the clerk fifty cents for waiting on him. S. T. H.

**Apply to Supreme Court.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Supposing a Frenchman in this country desires to Americanize his name, how could he legally change his name? P. B.

**Wants Recipe for Waking.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am fifteen years of age. Will some clever reader with experience please inform me how I can accustom myself to awaken every morning at the same hour without any assistance? A. R.

**Arizona is a Territory.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is Arizona a State or a territory? C. R.

**No License Is Needed.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it necessary to procure a marriage license in this city? IGNORAMUS.

**A Cowboy Query.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some reader familiar with the West please let me know if the days of the cow puncher in Wyoming are ended? Also if the ranches are still there? My brother went West ten years ago. A COWBOY'S BROTHER.

**1,000,000,000 Is Correct.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A says the following figures represent a billion—"1,000,000,000." B says it does not. Please decide. CLARD W.

**Yes.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was Grover Cleveland ever Mayor of Buffalo? A. R.

**In Addressing an Envelope.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In addressing an envelope do you put the county first or State? A. B. C.

Either write the name of the county between the name of the town and that of the State or else in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

**HEAVEN.**

If heaven lacks the face I know;  
The cheerful voice with music in it;  
The willing hands, the heart most true;  
That made me happy every minute;  
The welcome when my work was done;  
The tender kiss we knew at parting;  
The merry laugh, the harmless fun;  
The "make-believe" and sweet-hearing;

If heaven lacks a little home  
Presided over by little women,  
Who'll cheer me when I cease to roam;  
Who can my presence ever summon;

If heaven lacks the winning smile  
That left me ever willing debtor;  
Its joys can ne'er my soul beguile;  
A fig for it! I've known a better!  
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

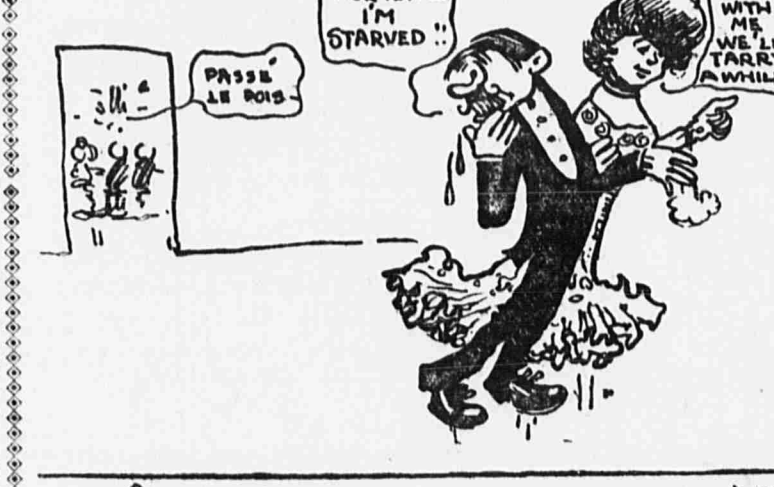
**The Importance of Mr. Peewee--Girls, Isn't He Cute?**

At a Football Game His Enthusiasm Carries Him Away; a Stretcher Squad Does the Same Later On.



**Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.**

The Dinner Wouldn't Wait Until She Got Ready to Go to It, So Mr. Waitaminnit Almost Went Hungry.



**Stories Told About New Yorkers.**

HAUNCEY DEFEW, for a man to whom fate has been so unusually kind, has an odd theory of existence.

"We hear too much," he said to a party of friends yesterday, "of that old adage, 'The world owes every one a living.' I want to go on record as saying that my life motto is 'The world owes me nothing.'"

"Smart are the uses of advertise-

ment," mused ex-Sheriff "Tom" Dunn at the Democratic Club the other evening. "But you can't always tell what form the next advertisement will take. For instance the names of all the other American's cup defenders—Volunteer, Vigilant, Defender and the rest—have been more or less freely used for various sets of places of trade, for saloons and laundries, and restaurants and markets, and so on. But a man whose business

takes him about the town a good deal like Reliance, the name of the latest cup defender, does not appear so much to have caught the fancy for its use. I have, in fact, seen not one trade establishment named for the Reliance."

Judge Newburger is an ardent yachtsman. A few weeks ago he and a party of congenial spirits were cruising off Block Island in a decidedly choppy and unpleasant sea. Newburger did not join in the general abuse against the windward wave, but sat silent and thoughtful.

"What's the matter, Judge?" asked their host. "Are you ill?"

"No," replied Newburger, "but I was just thinking how much I wish all this heaving tract of water were within my legal jurisdiction."

"Why?" asked the astonished host.

"I'd order the motion reversed," retorted the Judge.

**The Man Higher Up.**  
The Marriage Game.  
Why All Aren't Happy

"SEE there is quite a bit of discussion about why men marry the wrong women," said the Cigar Store Man.

"Men marry the wrong women," proclaimed the Man Higher Up, "because they can't help it. When a woman sets out to have a man marry her his name is Henry G. Mud. He stands about as much show as a cheese sandwich at a Turnfest. It is all off with him and he'll marry her as sure as the tide slides up and down on the Battery sea wall."

"No man with his thought machinery adjusted right wants to marry the wrong woman. A man marries because he thinks he can be happier with a wife than with a furnished room. No man can marry a woman unless she wants him to. According to my way of framing it up the woman holds the deal and has the percentage. She knows her own faults and shortcomings, and if she steers the man up against the worst of it the misery end is coming to her."

"If a man picked his clothes like he picks a wife he could be arrested on suspicion of being dippy. In the biggest choice of his life he shuts his eyes and makes a grab. He don't do it intentionally; he thinks he is Willie Wise, and that as a picker-out he has them all skinned to a fret. After he gets looking over what he has drawn about seven times out of ten he wishes he had established a residence in some other town."

"When it comes down to artistic 'con' work a woman has got a man running for Sweeney. She may have a temper like a barrel of nails and a grouse against the world in general, but she can make a man who is stuck on her think she is eligible for the Angel Stakes. All women are natural liars, and few of them try to go against their natures. All men are natural fools when a woman is concerned, and they can't go against their natures. If you can beat the combination, show me—and I didn't live in Missouri very long at that."

"I know married men who have married the right women. It wasn't their fault. They stumbled onto their spouses and made a good draw. Generally, you'll find that the man who has married the right woman is the man who ought to be married to a female bag-puncher or a lady lion-tamer. In most instances the man who marries the wrong woman is a well-intentioned duf, a fair provider and a yearner for peace. He stands for the worst of it because he hates to get into any more trouble than he can dodge."

"A man takes a wife and ties himself up without knowing what kind of a game he is going against, and there is no way under which the thing can be done differently. He bets before he gets a chance to look at his cards. In some respects it is the same way with a woman, but there never was a woman who didn't know more about the man she was going to marry than the man knew about her, unless she was so deeply in love that she didn't try to find out."

"Men have been marrying wrong women since the beginning of time, and they'll keep right on until the end. If, after they found out that they were in wrong, they would try to jolly along the queen and make her right, there might be a chance to pull out, but men are as built that way. Either the divorce lawyer gets a fee, or it's a case of scrap 385 rounds every year."

"Where do you come in to know anything about all this?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"Where do I come in?" echoed the Man Higher Up.

"Why, I come in the main entrance. I'm a member of the Alimony Club."

**A Skyscraper Evangeline.**  
The Gentle Sport of Hide-and-Seek Played on the Elevator.

MCINTYRE has an office on the twenty-fourth floor of the Mission Board Building. It was the sixth anniversary of his wedding, and he and Mrs. McIntyre had planned to celebrate. It was a rush-time, at his office, and he could squeeze only one hour's time from work that day. But that one hour was to be spent in consuming the most gorgeous lunch a downtown restaurant could furnish.

McIntyre telephoned his order to the restaurant, so that everything might be on the table when they arrived at 12:30. P. M. McIntyre had an unbreakable business appointment precisely at 1. Which was drawing matters pretty fine. Mrs. McIntyre was to meet him at the office promptly at 12:35.

At 12:30, McIntyre having cleared up his work, thought he might expedite matters were he to wait for his wife on the ground floor, and thus save her the trouble of a twenty-fourth-floor trip. Now, as fate arranged it, while McIntyre was stepping into car No. 3 at the twenty-fourth floor his loving wife, who had by some miracle reached the scene five minutes ahead of time, was entering car No. 6 at the ground floor. Up soared Mrs. McIntyre. Earthward sank Mr. McIntyre. As she swept into the office in all the panoply of her best walking costume he took up his post at the front door and eyed the passing throng for a glimpse of his wife.

Fifteen long minutes thus passed. McIntyre began to fret. Then he remembered a letter he had left unmailed on his office table. He tackled the starter, gave him two cigars and bade him look out for a lady in an eon dress and bay hair. Then he entered car No. 3 and sailed off toward. By an odd coincidence Mrs. McIntyre, weary of waiting, boarded car No. 6 on its downward flight at the same instant. Two minutes later the following news was promulgated:

The Office Boy (to Mr. McIntyre)—Say, Mrs. McIntyre's been waitin' for youse 15 morn' on her own feet.

The Starter (to Mrs. McIntyre)—Say, lady, if you're Mrs. McIntyre, the old man's jest gone up to his office.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre (twenty-four floors apart—Down twenty-four! Up one, please!)

Six minutes after McIntyre once more stepped from the elevator at the ground floor and looked wildly about for his wife.

"She's jest stepped into car 1," grinned the starter. "I told her to wait, but she wouldn't. Better stay here. She'll be right back."

McIntyre stood stolidly in the rotunda, nobly resisting all temptation to seek his wife. This must become a still-hunt. Mrs. McIntyre, settling resignedly back in her husband's office chair, chanced to make the same resolve at the same moment. Each kept the resolution for just twenty minutes. Then each, moved by a common impulse, started again in search of the other.

It was 3 o'clock before the lunch was utterly ruined and the table given to another couple.

It was 6 o'clock when McIntyre crept shamefacedly home. He and his wife met as long-parted lovers. Their hearts were too full for words. At least here was. His was too full of words no good family man ought to speak.

"If that chap Longfellow," observed McIntyre at last when he could trust himself to speak, "ever wants to bring 'Evangeline' up to date he won't separate the lovers by any such little space as the wide, wide world. He'll just start them on two skyscraper elevators and let fate do the rest!"

**More Snuff Used Now.**

The snuff users of the United States have increased in number about 4 per cent. a year for several years, taking the annual consumption of snuff as the basis of calculation. The aggregate weight of pinches of snuff taken last year was 12,000,000 pounds.